GOD's MERCY SURMOUNTING MAN's CRUELTY,

Exemplified in the

CAPTIVITY

AND

REDEMPTION

OF

ELIZABETH HANSON,

Wife of *John Hanson*, of *Knoxmarsh* at *Kecheachy*, in *Dover* Townſhip, who was taken Captive with her Children and Maid-ſervant, by the *Indians*, in *New-England*, in the Year 1724, in which are inſerted, ſundry remarkable Preſervations, Deliverances, and Marks of the care and kindneſs of Providence over her and her children, worthy to be remembered.

The ſubſtance of which was taken from her own mouth, and published for general ſervice.

THE THIRD EDITION.

STANFORD (STATE OF NEW-YORK) PRINTED AND SOLD BY DANIEL LAWRENCE, AND HENRY & JOHN F. HULL.
M. DCCC. III.

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GOD's MERCY SURMOUNTING MAN's CRUELTY, &c.

REMARKABLE and many are the providences of God towards his people for their deliverance in a time of trouble, by which we may behold, as in lively characters, the truth of that saying, That he is a God near at hand, and always ready to help and assist those that fear him, and put their confidence in him.

The sacred writings give us instances of the truth hereof in days of old, as in the cases of the Iſraelites, Job, David, Daniel, Paul, Silas, *and many others. Besides which, our modern histories have plentifully abounded with instances of God's fatherly care over his people, in their sharpest trials, deepest distresses, and sorest exercises, by which one may know he is a* God that changeth not, but is the ſame yeſterday, to-day and forever.

Among the many modern instances, I think I have not met with a more singular one, of the mercy and preserving hand of God, than in the case of Elizabeth Hanſon, *wife of* John Hanſon, *of* Knoxmarſh, *in* Kecheachy, *in* Dover *township, in* New-England, *who was taken into captivity the 27th day of 6th month, called* Auguſt, 1724, *and carried away (with four children and a servant) by the* Indians,; *which relation, as it was taken from her own mouth by a friend, is as follows.*

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AS ſoon as the *Indians* diſcovered themſelves (having, as we afterwards underſtood, been ſculking in the fields ſome days watching their opportunity, when my dear huſband, with the reſt of his men, were gone out of the way) two of them came upon us, and then eleven more, all naked, with their guns and tomahawks, and in a great fury killed one child immediately as ſoon as they entered the door, thinking thereby to ſtrike in us the greater terror, and to make us more fearful of them.

After which, in like fury the captain came up to me; but at my requeſt, he gave me quarter. There was with me our ſervant, and ſix of our children; two of our little ones being at play about the orchard, and my youngeſt child but fourteen days old, whether in cradle or arms, I now remember not; being in this condition, I was very unfit for the hardſhips I after met with, which I ſhall endeavor briefly to relate.

They went to rifling the houſe in a great hurry (fearing, as I ſuppoſe, a ſurpriſe from our people, it being late in the afternoon) and packed up ſome linen, woollen, and whatever ſuited them beſt; and when they had done what they would, they turned us out of the houſe immediately, and as we were out the door, two of my younger children, one ſix, and the other four years old, came in ſight, and being under a great ſurprize, cried out aloud, upon which one of the *Indians* running to them, took them under the arms, and brought them to us.—My maid prevailed with the biggeſt to be quiet and ſtill; but the other could by no means be prevailed

with, but continued ſcreaming and crying very much, and the *Indians* to eaſe themſelves of the noiſe, and to prevent the danger of a diſcovery that might ariſe from it, immediately before my face, knocked his brains out. I bore this as well as I could, not daring to appear diſturbed, or ſhew much uneaſineſs, leſt they ſhould do the ſame to the other: but ſhould have been exceeding glad if they had kept out of ſight till we had gone from the houſe.

Now having killed two of my children, they ſcalped them (a practice common with theſe people, which is, whenever they kill any enemies, they cut the ſkin off from the crown of their heads, and carry it with them for a teſtimony and evidence that they have killed ſo many, receiving ſometimes a reward for every ſcalp) and then put forward to leave the houſe in great haſte, without doing any other ſpoil than taking what they had packed together, with myſelf and little babe, fourteen days old, the boy ſix, and two daughters, one about fourteen, and the other about ſixteen years, with my ſervant girl.

It muſt be conſidered that I having lain in but fourteen days, and being very tender and weakly, and removed now out of a good room well accommodated with fire, bedding, and other things ſuiting a perſon in my condition, it made theſe hardſhips to me greater than if I had been in a ſtrong and healthy frame; yet, for all this, I muſt go or die. There was no reſiſtance.

In this condition aforeſaid, we left the houſe, each *Indian* having ſomething; and I with my babe and three children that could go of themſelves. The captain, though he had as great a load as he could well carry, and was helped up with it, did for all

that, carry my babe for me in his arms, which I took to be a favor from him. Thus we went thro' ſeveral ſwamps, and ſome brooks, they carefully avoiding all paths of any track like a road, leſt by our footſteps we ſhould be followed.

We got that night, I ſuppoſe, not quite ten miles from our houſe, on a direct line; then taking up their quarters, lighted a fire, ſome of them lying down while others kept watch; I being both wet and weary, and lying on the cold ground in the open woods, took but little reſt.

However, early in the morning, we muſt go juſt as the day appeared, travelling very hard all that day thro' ſundry rivers, brooks and ſwamps, they as before, carefully avoiding all paths, for the reaſon already aſſigned; at night I was both wet and tired exceedingly, having the ſame lodging on the cold ground in the open woods. Thus for twenty-ſix days, day by day, we travelled very hard, ſometimes a little by water, over lakes and ponds; and in this journey we went up ſome very high mountains, ſo ſteep, that I was forced to creep up on my hands and knees; under which difficulty, the *Indian* my maſter, would moſtly carry my babe for me, which I took as a great favor of God that his heart was ſo tenderly inclined to aſſiſt me, tho' he had, as it is ſaid, a heavy burden of his own; nay, he would ſometimes take my very blanket, ſo that I had nothing to do, but take my little boy by the hand for his help, and aſſiſt him as well as I could, taking him up in my arms a little at times, becauſe ſo ſmall; and when we came to very bad places, he would lend me his hand, or coming behind, would puſh me before him; in all which, he ſhewed ſome humanity and civility more than I could have ex-

pected; for which privilege I was ſecretly thankful to God, as the moving cauſe thereof.

Next to this, we had ſome very great runs of water and brooks to wade through, in which at times we met with much difficulty, wading often to our middles, and ſometimes our girls were up to their ſhoulders and chins, the *Indians* carrying my boy on their ſhoulders. At the ſide of one of theſe runs or rivers, the *Indians* would have my eldeſt daughter *Sarah* to ſing them a ſong: then was brought into her remembrance that paſſage in the 137th Pſalm, *By the rivers of* Babylon, *there we ſat down, yea we wept when we remember'd* Zion; *we hanged our harps upon the willows in the midſt thereof; for they that carried us away captive, required of us a ſong, and they that wasted us, required of us mirth.* When my poor child had given me this account, it was very affecting, and my heart was full of trouble, yet on my child's account, I was glad that ſhe had ſo good an inclination, which ſhe yet further manifeſted, in longing for a bible, that we might have the comfort of reading the holy text at vacant times, for our ſpiritual comfort under our preſent affliction.

Next to the difficulties of the rivers, were the prodigious ſwamps and thickets, very difficult to paſs through; in which places my maſter would ſometimes lead me by the hand a great way together, and give me what help he was capable of under the ſtraits we went thro'; and we paſſing one after another, the firſt made it pretty paſſable for the hindmoſt.

But the greateſt difficulty that deſerves the firſt to be named, was want of food, having at times nothing to eat but pieces of old beaver-ſkin-match-coats, which the *Indians* having hid (for they came [illegible] as is ſaid before) which in their going back

took with them, and were uſed more for food than raiment; being cut into long narrow ſtraps, they gave us little pieces, which by the *Indians'* example we laid on the fire till the hair was ſinged away, and then we eat them as a ſweet morſel, experimentally knowing, *that to the hungry ſoul, every bitter thing is ſweet.*

'Tis to be conſidered further, that of this poor diet we had but very ſcanty allowance: ſo that we were in no danger of being over charged. But that which added to my trouble, was the complaints of my poor children, eſpecially the little boy. Sometimes the *Indians* would catch a ſquirrel, or a beaver, and at other times we met with nuts, berries and roots they digged out of the ground, with the bark of ſome trees: but we had no corn for a great while together, tho' ſome of the younger *Indians* went back, and brought ſome corn from the *Engliſh* inhabitants (the harveſt not being gathered) of which we had a little allowed us: but when they caught a beaver, we lived high while it laſted; they allowed me the guts and garbage for myſelf and children: but not allowing us to clean and waſh them as they ought, made the food very irkſome to us to feed upon, and nothing beſides pinching hunger could have made it any ways tolerable to be borne.

The next difficulty was no leſs hard to me; for my daily travel and hard living made my milk dry almoſt quite up, and how to preſerve my poor babe's life, was no ſmall care on my mind; having no other ſuſtenance for her, many times, but cold water, which I took in my mouth, and let it fall on my breaſt, when I gave her the teat to ſuck in, with what it could get from the breaſt; and when I had any of the broth of beaver's guts, I fed my [illegible] with it, and as well as I could I preſerved her

life till I got to *Canada*, and then I had ſome other food, of which more in its place.

Having by this time got conſiderably on the way, the *Indians* parted; and we were divided amongſt them. This was a ſore grief to us all: but we muſt ſubmit, and no way to help ourſelves. My eldeſt daughter was firſt taken away, and carried to another part of the country, far diſtant from us, where, for the preſent, we muſt take leave of her, though with heavy hearts.

We did not travel far after this, before they divided again, taking my ſecond daughter and ſervant maid from me, into another part of the country; ſo, I having now only my babe at my breaſt, and this little boy ſix years old, we remained with the captain ſtill: but my daughter and ſervant underwent great hardſhips after they were parted from me, travelling three days without any food, taking nothing for ſupport, but cold water; and the third day, what with the cold, the wet and hunger, the ſervant fell down as dead in a ſwoon, being both very cold and wet, at which the *Indians* with whom they were, were ſurpriſed, ſhewing ſome kind of tenderneſs, being then unwilling to loſe them by death, having got them ſo near home, hoping, if they lived, by their ranſom to make conſiderable profit of them.

In a few days after this they got near their journey's end, where they had more plenty of corn and other food: but fleſh often fell very ſhort, having no other way to depend on for it, but hunting; and when that failed, they had very ſhort commons. It was not long ere my daughter and ſervant were likewiſe parted; and my daughter's maſter being ſick, was not able to hunt for fleſh; neither

had they any corn in that place, but were forced to eat the bark of trees for a whole week.

Being almoſt famiſhed in this diſtreſs, Providence ſo ordered, that ſome other *Indians* hearing of their miſery and want, came to viſit them (theſe people being very kind and helpful to one another, which is very commendable) and brought unto them the guts and liver of a beaver, which afforded them a good repaſt, being but four in number, the *Indian*, his wife and daughter, and my daughter.

By this time my maſter and our company got to our journey's end, where we were better fed at times, having ſome corn and veniſon, and wild fowl, or what they could catch by hunting in the woods; and my maſter having a large family, fifteen in number, we had at times very ſhort commons, more eſpecially when game was ſcarce.

But here our lodging was ſtill on the cold ground, in a poor wigwam (which is a kind of little ſhelter made of the rind of trees, and mats for a covering, ſomething like a tent.) Theſe are ſo eaſily ſet up and taken down, that they often remove them from one place to another: our ſhoes and ſtockings, and our other clothes being worn out, in the long journey through the buſhes and ſwamps, and the weather coming in very hard, we were poorly defended from the cold, for want of neceſſaries; which cauſed one of my feet, one of the babe's, and both of the little boy's to freeze; and this was no ſmall exerciſe, yet thro' mercy we all did well.

Now, tho' we got to our journey's end, we were never long in one place, but very often moved from one place to another, carrying our wigwams with us, which we could do, without much difficulty.—This being for the conveniency of hunting, made our accommodations much more unpleaſant than if

we had continued in one place, by reaſon the coldneſs and dampneſs of the ground, where our wigwams were pitch'd, made it very unwholeſome and unpleaſant lodging.

Having now got to the *Indian* fort, many of the *Indians* came to viſit us, and in their way welcom'd my maſter home; and held a great rejoicing, with dancing, firing of guns, beating on hollow trees, inſtead of drums; ſhouting, drinking and feaſting, after their manner, in much ſucceſs for ſeveral days together, which I ſuppoſe, in their thoughts was a kind of thanks to God put up for their ſafe return and good ſucceſs: but while they were in their jollity and mirth, my mind was greatly exerciſed towards the Lord, that I, with my dear children ſeparated from me, might be preſerved from repining againſt God, under our affliction on the one hand, and on the other, we might have our dependance on him, who rules the hearts of men, and can do what he pleaſes in the kingdoms of the earth, knowing that his care is over them who put their truſt in him; but I found it very hard to keep my mind as I ought, in the reſignation which is proper it ſhould be in, under ſuch afflictions and ſore trials, as at that time I ſuffered, in being under various fears and doubts concerning my children that were ſeparated from me, which helped to add to, and greatly increaſe my troubles: and herein I may truly ſay, my afflictions are not to be ſet forth in words to the extent of them.

We had not been long at home ere my maſter went a hunting, and was abſent about a week, he ordering me in his abſence to get in wood, gather nuts, &c. I was very diligent, cutting the wood, and putting it in order, not having very far to carry it: but when he returned, having got no prey,

he was very much out of humor, and the diſappointment was ſo great, that he could not forbear revenging it on us poor captives. However he allowed me a little boiled corn for myſelf and child, but with a very angry look threw a ſtick or corn-cob at me, with ſuch violence as did beſpeak he grudged our eating. At this his ſquaw and daughter broke out in a great crying. This made me fear miſchief was hatching againſt us: and on it, I immediately went out of his preſence into another wigwam: upon which he came after me, and in a great fury tore my blanket off my back, and took my little boy from me and ſtruck him down as he went along before him; but the poor child, not being hurt, only frighted in the fall, ſtarted up, and ran away without crying; then the *Indian* my maſter left me; but his wife's mother came and ſat down by me, and told me, *I muſt sleep there that night*. She then going from me a little time, came back with a ſmall ſkin to cover my feet, withal informing me that my maſter intended now to kill us; and I being deſirous to know the reaſon, expoſtulated, that *in his absence I had been diligent to do as I was ordered by him*. Thus, as well as I could, I made her ſenſible how unreaſonable he was. Now, tho' ſhe could not underſtand me, nor I her, but by ſigns, we reaſoned as well as we could: ſhe therefore made ſigns that I muſt die, adviſing me, by pointing up with her fingers, in her way, to pray to God, endeavoring by her ſigns and tears to inſtruct me in that which was moſt needful, *viz.* to prepare for death, which now threatned me; the poor old ſquaw was ſo very kind and tender, that ſhe would not leave me all that night, but laid herſelf down at my feet, deſigning what ſhe could to aſſuage her ſon-in-law's wrath, who had conceived evil againſt me, chiefly as I un-

derſtood, becauſe the want of victuals urged him to it. My reſt was little this night, my poor babe ſleeping ſweetly by my ſide.

I dreaded the tragical deſign of my maſter, looking every hour for his coming to execute his bloody will upon us: but he being weary with his hunting and travel in the woods, having toiled for nothing, went to reſt and forgot it. Next morning he applied himſelf again to hunting in the woods, but I dreaded his returning empty, and prayed ſecretly in my heart, that he might catch ſome food to ſatisfy his hunger, and cool his ill humour. He had been gone but a little time till he returned with booty, having ſhot ſome wild ducks; and now he appeared in a better temper, ordering the fowls to be dreſſed with ſpeed; for theſe kind of people, when they have plenty, ſpend it as freely as they get it; uſing with gluttony and drunkenneſs in two days' time, as much as, with prudent management, might ſerve a week. Thus do they live, for the moſt part, either in exceſs of gluttony and drunkenneſs, or under great ſtraits for want of neceſſaries. However, in this plentiful time I felt the comfort of it in part with the family, having a portion ſent for me and my little ones, which was very acceptable. Now, I thinking the bitterneſs of death was over for this time, my ſpirits were a little eaſier.

Not long after this, he got into the like ill humor again, threatning to take away my life. But I always obſerved whenever he was in ſuch a temper, he wanted food, and was pinched with hunger. But when he had ſucceſs in hunting, to take either bears, beavers, bucks, or fowls, on which he could fill his belly, he was better humored, tho' he was naturally of a very hot and paſſionate temper, throwing ſticks, ſtones, or whatever lay in his way, on every

ſlight occaſion. This made me in continual danger of my life: but God, whoſe Providence is over all his works, ſo preſerved me, that I never received any damage from him that was of any great conſequence to me; for which I ever deſire to be thankful to my Maker.

When fleſh was ſcarce, we had only the guts and garbage allowed to our part; and not being permitted to cleanſe the guts any otherwiſe than emptying the dung, without ſo much as waſhing them, as before is noted, in that filthy pickle we muſt boil and eat them, which was very unpleaſant: but hunger made up that difficulty, ſo that this food which was very often our lot, became pretty tolerable to a ſharp appetite, which otherwiſe by no means could have been diſpenſed with. Thus I conſidered, none knows what they can undergo, till they are tried; for what I had thought in my own family not fit for food, would here have been a dainty diſh, and a ſweet morſel.

By this time what with fatigue of ſpirits, hard labor, mean diet, and often want of natural reſt, I was brought ſo low, that my milk was dried up, my babe very poor and weak, juſt ſkin and bone; for I could perceive all her joints from one end of the back to the other; and how to get what would ſuit her weak appetite, I was at a loſs; on which one of the *Indian* ſquaws perceiving my uneaſineſs about my child, began ſome diſcouſe with me, in which ſhe adviſed me to take the kernels of walnuts, clean them, and beat them with a little water, which I did, and when I had ſo done, the water look'd like milk; then ſhe adviſed me to add to this water a little of the fineſt of the *Indian* corn meal, and boil it a little together. I did ſo, and it became palatable, and was very nouriſhing to the babe, ſo that

ſhe began to thrive and look well; which was before more like to die than live. I found that with this kind of diet the *Indians* did often nurſe their infants. This was no ſmall comfort to me: but this comfort was ſoon mixed with bitterneſs and trouble, which thus happened; my maſter taking notice of my dear babe's thriving condition, would often look upon her, and ſay, *when she was fat enough, she should be killed, and we would eat her;* and purſuant to his pretence, at a certain time, he made me fetch him a ſtick that he had prepared for a ſpit, to roaſt the child upon, as he ſaid, which when I had done, he made me ſit down by him, and undreſs the infant. When the child was naked, he felt her arms, legs, and thighs, and told me, *she was not fat enough yet; I must dress her again until she was better in case.*

Now, tho' he thus acted, I could not purſuade myſelf, that he intended to do as he pretended, but only to aggravate and afflict me: neither ever could I think but our lives would be preſerved from his barbarous hands, by the overruling power of him in whoſe providence I put my truſt, both day and night.

A little time after this my maſter fell ſick, and in his ſickneſs, as he lay in his wigwam, he ordered his own ſon to beat my ſon: but the old *squaw*, the *Indian* boy's grandmother, would not ſuffer him to do it: then his father my maſter being provoked, caught up a ſtick very ſharp at one end, and with great violence threw it from him, at my ſon, and hit him on the breaſt, with which my child was much bruiſed, and the pain, with the ſurprize, made him turn as pale as death; I entreating him not to cry, and the boy, tho' but ſix years old, bore it with wonderful patience, not ſo much as in the leaſt

complaining, ſo that the child's patience aſſuaged the barbarity of his heart; who, no doubt, would have carried his paſſions and reſentment much higher, had the child cried, as always complaining did aggravate his paſſion, and his anger grew hotter upon it. Some little after, on the ſame day, he got up on his feet, but far from being well. However, tho' he was ſick, his wife and daughter let me know he intended to kill us, and I was under a fear, unleſs Providence now intercepted, how it would end. I therefore put down my child, and going out of his preſence, went to cut wood for the fire, as I uſed to do, hoping that would, in part, allay his paſſion; but withal ere I came to the wigwam again I expected my child would be killed in this mad fit, having no other way but to caſt my care upon God, who had hitherto helped and cared for me and mine.

Under this great feud the old ſquaw, my maſter's mother-in-law left him; but my miſtreſs and her daughter abode in the wigwam with my maſter; and when I came with my wood, the daughter came to me, whom I aſked, if her father had killed my children, and ſhe made me a ſign, *No*, with a countenance that ſeemed pleaſed it was ſo; for inſtead of his further venting his paſſion on me, and my children, the Lord in whom I truſted did ſeaſonably interpoſe, and I took it as a merciful deliverance from him, and the *Indian* was under ſome ſenſe of the ſame, as himſelf did confeſs to them about him afterwards.

Thus it was, a little after he got up on his feet, the Lord ſtruck him with great ſickneſs, and a violent pain, as appeared by the complaint he made in a doleful and hideous manner; which when I underſtood, not having yet ſeen him, I went to another ſquaw that was come to ſee my maſter, which could

both ſpeak and underſtand *English*, and enquired of her if my miſtreſs (for ſo I always called her, and him maſter) thought maſter would die? She anſwered, *Yes, it was very likely he would, being worse and worse:* Then I told her, *He ſtruck my boy a dreadful blow, without any provocation at all, and had threatned to kill us all in his fury and paſſion;* upon which the ſquaw told me, *My maſter had confeſſed the above abuſe he offered my child, and that the miſchief he had done, was the cauſe why God afflicted him with that ſickneſs and pain, and he had promiſed never to abuſe us in ſuch ſort any more:* and after this he ſoon recovered, but was not ſo paſſionate; nor do I remember he ever after ſtruck either me or my children, ſo as to hurt us, or with that miſchievous intent as before he uſed to do. This I took as the Lord's doing, and marvellous in my eyes.

Some few weeks after this, my maſter made another remove, having as before, made ſeveral: but this was the longeſt ever he made, it being two days' journey, and moſtly upon ice. The firſt day's journey the ice was bare, but the next day ſome ſnow falling, made it very troubleſome, tedious and difficult travelling; and I took much damage in often falling, having the care of my babe, that added not a little to my uneaſineſs; and the laſt night, when we came to encamp, it being in the night, I was ordered to fetch water; but having ſat a while on the cold ground, I could neither go nor ſtand; but crawling on my hands and knees, a young *Indian* ſquaw came to ſee our people, being of another family, in compaſſion took the kettle, and knowing where to go, which I did not, fetched the water for me. This I took as a great kindneſs and favor, that her heart was inclined to do me this ſervice.

I now ſaw the deſign of this journey; my maſter being, as I ſuppoſe, weary to keep us, was willing to make what he could for our ranſom; therefore he went further towards the *French*, and left his family in this place, where they had a great dance, ſundry other *Indians* coming to our people; this held ſome time, and while they were in it, I got out of their way in a corner of the wigwam as well as I could; but every time they came by me, in their dancing, they would bow my head towards the ground, and frequently kick me with as great fury as they could bear, being ſundry of them barefoot, and others having *Indian* mockoſons: this dance held ſome time, and they made (in their manner) great rejoicings and noiſe.

It was not many days ere my maſter returned from the *French*; but he was in ſuch a humor, when he came back, he would not ſuffer me in his preſence. Therefore I had a little ſhelter made with ſome boughs, they having digged through the ſnow to the ground, the ſnow being pretty deep. In this hole, I and my poor children were put to lodge, the weather being very ſharp, with hard froſt, in the month called *January*, made it more tedious to me and my children. Our ſtay was not long in this place, before he took me to the *French*, in order for a chapman; and when we came among them, I was expoſed for ſale, and he aſked for me 800 livers: but his chapman not complying with his demand, put him in a great rage, offering him but 600, he ſaid, in a great paſſion, *If he could not have his demand, he would make a great fire, and burn me and the babe in the view of the town*, which was named *Fort-Royal*. The *Frenchman* bid the *Indian* make his fire, *and I will*, ſays he, *help you, if you think that will do you more good than* 600 *livers*,

calling my maſter *fool*, and ſpeaking roughly to him bid him be gone. But at the ſame time, the *Frenchman* was very civil to me; and for my encouragement. *bid me be of good cheer, for I ſhould be redeemed, and not go back with them again.*

Retiring now with my maſter for this night, the next day I was redeemed for 600 livers; and, in treating with my maſter, the *Frenchman* queried, *why he asked ſo much for the child's ranſom?* Urging, *when ſhe had her belly-full, ſhe would die.* My maſter ſaid, *No, ſhe would not die, having already lived 26 days on nothing but water, believing the child to be a devil.* The *Frenchman* told him, *No, the child is ordered for longer life; and it has pleaſed God to preſerve her to admiration.* My maſter ſaid, *No, ſhe was a devil, and he believed ſhe would not die, unleſs they took a hatchet and beat her brains out.* Thus ended their diſcourſe, and I was, as aforeſaid, with my babe, ranſomed for 600 livers, my little boy likewiſe, at the ſame time, for an additional ſum of livers, was redeemed alſo.

I now having changed my landlord, my table and diet, as well as my lodging, the *French* were civil beyond what I could either deſire or expect. But the next day after I was redeemed, the *Romiſh* prieſt took my babe from me, and according to their cuſtom, they baptized her, urging, if ſhe died before that, ſhe would be damned, like ſome of our modern pretended reformed prieſts, and they gave her a name as pleaſed them beſt; which was *Mary Ann Froſsways*, telling me, *My child, if ſhe now died, would be ſaved, being baptized;* and my landlord ſpeaking to the prieſt that baptized her, ſaid, *It would be well now* Froſſways *was baptized for her to die, being now in a ſtate to be ſaved.* But the prieſt ſaid, *No, the child having been ſo mi-*

raculously preserved thro' so many hardships, she may be designed by God for some great work, and by her life being still continued, may much more glorify God than if she should now die. A very ſenſible remark, and I wiſh it may prove true.

I having been about five months amongſt the *Indians*. In about one month after I got amongſt the *French*, my dear huſband, to my unſpeakable comfort and joy, came to me, who was now himſelf concerned to redeem his children, two of his daughters being ſtill captives, and only myſelf and two little ones redeemed; and thro' great difficulty and trouble he recovered the younger daughter: but the eldeſt we could by no means obtain from their hands, for the ſquaw to whom ſhe was given, had a ſon which ſhe intended my daughter ſhould in time be prevailed with to marry; the *Indians* are very civil toward their captive women, not offering any incivility by any indecent carriage (unleſs they be much overgone in liquor) which is commendable in them ſo far.

However the affection they had for my daughter, made them refuſe all offers and terms of ranſom; ſo that after my poor huſband had waited, and made what endeavors and attempts he could to obtain his child, and all to no purpoſe, we were forced to make homeward, leaving our daughter to our great grief, behind us, amongſt the *Indians*, and ſet forward over the lake, with three of our children, and the ſervant-maid, in company with ſundry others, and by the kindneſs of providence we got well home on the firſt of the ſeventh month, 1725. From which it appears I had been from home amongſt the *Indians* and *French*, about twelve months and ſix days.

In the ſeries of which time, the many deliverances and wonderful providences of God unto us, and

over us, hath been, and I hope will ſo remain to be as a continued obligation on my mind, ever to live in that fear, love and obedience to God, duly regarding, by his grace, with meekneſs and wiſdom, to approve myſelf by his ſpirit, in all holineſs of life, and godlineſs of converſation, to the praiſe of him that hath called me, who is God bleſſed forever.

But my dear huſband, poor man! could not enjoy himſelf in quiet with us, for want of his dear daughter *Sarah*, that was left behind; and not willing to omit any thing for her redemption which lay in his power, he could not be eaſy without making a ſecond attempt; in order to which, he took his journey about the 19th day of ſecond month, 1727, in company with a kinſman and his wife, who went to redeem ſome of their children, and were ſo happy as to obtain what they went about: but my dear huſband being taken ſick on the way, grew worſe and worſe, as we were informed, and was ſenſible he ſhould not get over it; telling my kinſman, that, *If it was the Lord's will he muſt die in the wilderneſs, he was freely given up to it.* He was under a good compoſure of mind, and ſenſible to his laſt moments, and died, as near as we can gueſs, in about the half-way between *Albany* and *Canada*, in my kinſman's arms, and is at reſt, I hope, in the Lord: and tho' my own and children's loſs is very great; yet I doubt not but his gain is much more: I therefore deſire and pray, that the Lord will enable me patiently to ſubmit to his will in all things he is pleaſed to ſuffer to be my lot while here, earneſtly ſupplicating the God and Father of all our mercies, to be a father to my fatherleſs children, and give unto them that bleſſing which maketh truly rich, and adds no ſorrow with it; that as they grow in years, they may grow in grace, and expe-

rience the joy of his ſalvation, which is come by Jeſus Chriſt, our Lord and Savior. *Amen.*

Now tho' my huſband died, by reaſon of which his labor was ended, yet my kinſman proſecuted the thing, and left no ſtone unturned that he thought, or could be adviſed, was proper to the obtaining my daughter's freedom; but could by no means prevail; for, as is before ſaid (ſhe being in another part of the country diſtant from where I was) and given to an old ſquaw, who intended to marry her in time, to her ſon, uſing what purſuaſions ſhe could to effect her end, ſometimes by fair means, and ſometimes more ſevere. In the mean time, a *Frenchmen* intercepted, and they, by perſuaſions, enticing my child to marry, in order to obtain her freedom, by reaſon that thoſe captives married by the *French*, are by that marriage made free among them, the *Indians* having then no pretence longer to keep them as captives, ſhe therefore was prevailed upon, for the reaſons afore aſſigned, to marry, and ſhe was accordingly married to the ſaid *Frenchman.*

Thus as well, as near as I can from my memory, (not being capable of keeping a journal) I have given a ſhort, but a true account of ſome of the remarkable trials, and wonderful deliverances, which I never purpoſed to expoſe; but that I hope thereby the merciful kindneſs and goodneſs of God may be magnified, and the reader hereof provoked with more care and fear to ſerve him in righteouſneſs and humility, and then my deſigned end and purpoſe will be anſwered. *E. H.*

As the following Paſtoral Hymn, *wrote by the excellent* ADDISON, *ſeems adapted to the foregoing remarkable Providence, it was thought it would not be amiss to add it to fill a vacant page.*

I.

THE Lord my Paſture doth prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care:
His Preſence doth my Wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks he doth attend,
And all my Mid-night Hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant;
To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads,
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads;
Where peaceful Rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amidſt the verdant Land-ſkip flow.

III.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt Heart doth fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly Crook doth give me Aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Thro' devious lonely Wilds I ſtray,
Thy Bounty doth my pains beguile:
The barren Wilderneſs doth ſmile,
With ſudden Greens, and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams doth murmur all around.

FINIS.